Supernatural; Lucifer/Raphael; Lucifer's hands had been cold even back then.

PG, exactly what it says on the tin.

Set way way way in the beginning, before the Fall or any of that

Lucifer tangles fingers in Raphael's hair and breathes heat across Raphael's neck. It's hot, nearly scalding his neck except that he is an archangel, a being made of fire, and so the only sensation that stands out of him is the chill of Lucifer's fingers.

Raphael rests a hand on Lucifer's back and closes his eyes, focusing on the chill.

"Why are you cold?" he asks.

Lucifer makes a soft, confused sound, and when Raphael opens his eyes Lucifer is studying him.

"I'm not cold."

"Your fingers," Raphael murmurs, and Lucifer places his palm flat on Raphael's chest.

"They've always been like this," Lucifer murmurs.

"I've never noticed," Raphael says, and traces them. "Does it mean anything?"

It's an idle question, not really meant to be answered.

"No," Lucifer says, but Raphael hears the lie in it, and wonders.